

Homer

Far from the sight of Earth, yet bright and plain
As the clear noonday Sun, an orb of song,
Lovely and bright is seen amid the throng
Of lesser Stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main;
One constant light gleams through the dark and long
And narrow aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of truths wert thou, great poet of mankind,
Who told'st in verse as mighty as the sea,
And various as the voices of the wind,
The strength of passion rising in the glee
Of battle. Fear was glorified by thee,
And Death is lovely in thy tale enshrined.

—Hartley Coleridge.

The Mouse's Mother

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

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"The Mouse" stepped from the dock and walked noiselessly to the witness stand as the district attorney called his name curtly. The spectators gazed with interest at the noted crook, and the detectives looked at him with open admiration, compelled by "The Mouse" having outwitted every officer on the force time and time again, in spite of his many arrests.

"How old are you?" demanded the district attorney briefly.

"Forty," answered "The Mouse," casting his beady, black eyes about the courtroom, quite unembarrassed.

"How long have you enjoyed the interesting name by which you are so well known?" asked the district attorney sarcastically.

"Ever since I could creep," returned "The Mouse," showing his sharp, white teeth in a smile.

"You are accused of having started a fight at the butchers' ball and of having stolen a watch in the confusion," said the district attorney. "What have you to say?"

"The Mouse" had a clever and plausible story to tell, a story he had worked up artistically in his cell and which he told with considerable satisfaction, his previous experience having given him ease and eloquence. He grew fluent and unimpaired, falling into gestures that unconsciously betrayed the skilled pickpocket. His long, supple fingers and his flexible wrists were those of an artist in larceny and their swift, deft movements were a constant contradiction to his story of innocence. Instinctively his gestures were those of a pickpocket of rare skill, deftly relieving an absent-minded man of his watch. It was easy to see how he had come by his name, for he did indeed look like a rodent.

"I do," she whispered hesitatingly. "Now, Mrs. Seitz," began the lawyer persuasively, "your son has always been a good son to you, has he not?"

She opened her white lips to speak, but "The Mouse" jumped angrily to his feet and leaned far over the dock.

"Wait!" he shouted, throwing up his long arm in a gesture of command.

The blood had rushed into his pale face and his eyes were blazing.

"This has gone far enough," he cried sharply. "I'll not have my mother perjure herself to save me from what I ought to get. She has done enough for me without this. Let her alone and I'll tell the truth. You can send me up for 60 years, but don't force her to lie under oath. I've not been a good son. I never was a good son, but I'm not ever enough to let her do this for me. I stole that Dutchman's watch fast enough. I went to the ball to lift a watch and I'd got away if that fly cop over there hadn't spotted me. Now you do what you want to do and I don't care that!"

He snapped his fingers airily at the astonished district attorney, but the old woman was crying bitterly and was holding out her arms to him.

The judge gave him 18 months in the penitentiary, which was the lightest sentence "The Mouse" had received in his long professional career.

REPETITION MADE HIM TIRED.

Hammerstein's Operatic Manager Comes to the Front with a Real Tale of Woe.

Siegfried Behrens, Philadelphia manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was discussing with some friends the try-out of voices at the Philadelphia opera house one morning.

Some one in the party said that Mr. Hammerstein's method was a crusher for the aspirants for the chorus. Most of them had reported armed with grand opera scores and other music, prepared to sing at least one aria, and possibly a whole scene from some famous opera. Instead they were permitted to run up and down the scale and that was all.

"I don't blame him," said Mr. Behrens. "It is just as sure a way as any to find out whether one has a voice or not, and a lot the quickest. Besides, one does not take chances of enduring the fearful tortures that were once my lot."

"I was selected to try voices and make selections for a big festival chorus. All applicants had been told to bring a song to sing."

"At the appointed time, no less than 600 applicants showed up, and I started them off. Do you know, as an actual fact, 416 of them sang Harrison Millard's 'Waiting,' which was then a comparatively new composition. They sang it in every key, and with all sorts of twists and cadenzas. Long before the first 100 poured that confounded thing into my ears I was sick of it. But it went on and on until I was nearly crazy, and in self-defense cut out all arias and put them to work on scales."

"I have never been able to listen to Millard's 'Waiting' since. If anybody ever attempts to sing it in my presence there is going to be trouble, much and plenty, for the singer. I'd rather hear a coon song, much as I hate them."—Washington Star.

Nasturtiums.

And now we have the glory of the nasturtium. It is a plentiful flower and so beautiful that it should be a constant ornament of the household.

How a great bunch of them in a jar on the dinner table helps the feast! They smile like the sunrise. They make a meager meal a royal repast. They are the incarnation of the sun beams, coming all the way from gold on noonday to rosy sunset, to give the flowers their exquisite hues.

They are just the ornament for the table—the smiling flower in all the garden. They make the beefsteak tender, the cream richer and the bread to taste better than pound cake. This is veritably so. Of course, the old codger who doesn't care for flowers doesn't think so. What account are they—one can't eat them or wear them? We don't mean him. We speak of those fair spirits that commune with a flower, and get hold of its ideas and make them a part of their lives.—Ohio State Journal.

Says McGowan:

"Kape up yer courage. Av ye lick a man yer afraid of yer a moral thafe."

—Cleveland News.



At a party over at old Brinsintine's one night they were talking about the progress of the world. There were present all of the wise men of the community. Medicine was represented by "Doc" Peters, horse surgeon; the law by Anthony Botts, justice of the peace; sculpture by Rufe Goodall, stone quarry man; art by Miss Nancy Hodge, drawer of a map of the county; literature by Stephen Blue, writer of for sale notices and epitaphs; the ministry by Rev. Gustavus Nudge; and agriculture by Linnel Jucklin. So, it may be seen, here was assembled a goodly twentieth century company, prepared by education to discourse upon any subject.

"The tire revolves faster than the hub," said the minister, Mr. Nudge, "and it is but natural that we, now on the outer rim of time, should move with more accelerated motion than our forefathers, who were nearer the center, so to speak. Ah, Brother

Jucklin, what changes have taken place since we can remember."

"Yes," replied old Lim, "a good many. I can recollect when we had to go of a morning to a neighbor's house for a chunk of fire. Wa'n't any matches."

Miss Nancy Hodge, elevating her eyebrows, exclaimed: "For pity sake."

"Yes," said old Lim, "and the chances were that the fellow that was sent after the chunk of fire would be drunk before he got back. Everybody kept liquor in the house, and if a fellow stopped and hollered at the gate they'd ask him to get down and take a drink."

"In the matter of whisky there has been great reform and, I may therefore say, progress," remarked Rev. Mr. Nudge.

Linnel nodded assent. "But," said he, "the reform has been with man and not with liquor. The greatest good that whisky has done is to be so mean that nobody wants it. But I can remember when it was the milk in the coconut of—of paradise. I tell you, in comparison to what it is now, parson," he added, to soften the remark, which he was quick to observe had somewhat disturbed the countenance

of the preacher, "but, parson, do you know what has done more toward the civilizing of us all than any other agency?"

Modesty restrained Mr. Nudge from mentioning what, in his opinion, was the real cause, so he hazarded the one word "education."

"That's all very well," said Lim, "but there's a shorter way of gettin' at it. I should say the—drummer."

The minister winced as if he had suddenly bitten into a sour pickle.

"Yes, sir, the man that goes about and sells goods," said Lim. "He has the progress of the world buckled up in his sample case. He is the circuit rider of trade. He not only brings what the people already want, but teaches them to need things; and the man that shows us what we need moves forward a good many degrees. Take our town over here. For more than fifty years the churches had been in—full blast—pardon the expression—and the schools had been in operation; and yet the hotels were so bad that a hungry dog might be excused for giving it the go-by. Why, whit leather was as tender as a lamb's tongue compared with the beefsteak. The biscuits were just about as digestible as door knobs. The salt pork might properly have been labeled 'the enemy of mankind.' The butter looked as if it had been made of the milk of a cow that had just seen a ghost.

With me, and it wa'n't long before I discovered that I had just begun to live. This man sold things—and in meeting men came away from them with a better knowledge of human nature. Knowing so much of the weakness of man, he could better admire his strength or pardon his faults."

"But you are forgetting the Gospel," said Mr. Nudge.

"Oh, no. The drummer is a good exemplification of the Gospel. He goes into all the world. The Gospel was never commanded to stand still. It is a running stream. Stagnant water breeds pestilence. The Saviour of man was the most liberal man that ever lived. He had no home. The drummer is liberal because his home is the world. He meets a local prejudice and turns it into a national liberality. He demands a place where he may spend his leisure hours, and public libraries mark his course. The unrest you speak of has stimulated travel, and travel is the picture that goes in the book of education. The drummer must be active and therefore he must be sober. His achievement over drunken competition is the greatest, the most vivid temperance lecture ever delivered. It makes sobriety a business rather than a mere linctive virtue. What are you fetchin' on here, madam? Lemonade? We'll drink it to the drummer."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

There were present all the wise men of the community.

Every one generally understood may be a bad thing, but it is active and it makes the world move forward. The drummer brought stories with him. They illustrated life. A community that has only old stories lives in the past. The drummer's new stories quickened the intellect. They made the mind jump. Trade—

"Ah," Mr. Nudge broke in. "I thank you for the timely introduction of that well-worn word. You would place trade above everything."

"Well, I wouldn't place it below everything. Trade is the exchange of materialized ideas. It is the circulating blood of a nation. Art is a sort of fever and makes disease. Literature is a prescription, and if it don't help life fails to do it any good. I want to tell you, a drummer first set me to readin'." Of course I knew what books were. But I thought that when a man got along well in life he ought to think of everything except books. They were for boys and girls. But this drummer that stayed all night at my house said that the greatest books had been written by old men. Therefore they ought to be read by old men. He opened up a new view of life. He showed me that as long as a man lived and kept his health he could develop and expand. He left a book

Stabbed to Death Over a Dime.

New Madrid.—Charles Hand, who has been running a sawmill for the O'Neil Lumber company, at Faren, burgin, this county, was stabbed several times and died at Doctor O'Donnell's office within thirty minutes. The stabbing was at Kendall's saloon, over a dime. Edward Carter was arrested.

St. Joseph Banks Swindled.

St. Joseph.—Eight banks here were swindled out of \$1,000 by two crooks who presented what purported to be certified checks from a St. Louis bank, but which proved to be bogus. The swindlers escaped. Their scheme was to deposit the bogus checks and draw a part of the amount of their face in cash.

School Board Agent Faker.

St. Louis.—Ben Howell, superintendent of public schools, warns school patrons to beware of a book agent who is said to be making a canvass of the western part of the city, offering to sell an encyclopedia which he represents is authorized by the board of education as a text book for the more rapid advancement of children in the public schools.

Boy Killed by Engine.

Rolla.—Joe Hartung was run over near the court house crossing in Rolla by hill engine No. 793, and killed. One arm and both legs were cut off and his head was badly smashed. He was a son of Michael Hartung, and was 12 years old.

Exploding Gasoline Stove Kills Her.

Hannibal.—Mrs. James Court, wife of a machinist at the Burlington shops, was burned to death at her home. She was lighting a gasoline stove when it exploded, igniting her clothing. A husband and three small children survive her.

New Insurance Co. at Springfield.

Springfield.—The Missouri Fidelity and Casualty company is being organized here with a capital stock of \$250,000. The principal stockholders are local men. This will be the first accident insurance company organized in Missouri.

Inherits Money, Kills Self.

Kirksville.—John G. Seigle, one of the richest farmers of Adair county, committed suicide at his home near here by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He was 35 years old and had a large family. His father died two weeks ago, leaving a large estate. It is said worry from the administration of the affairs, together with a severe sunstroke, which he sustained a week ago while working in the harvest field, caused mental derangement.

Kills Man Who Ruined Home.

Gallatin.—John Ward, 58 years old, a retired farmer, was shot to death by Otis Claycomb at Old Banewoft. Claycomb immediately came to Gallatin and surrendered. He was released on \$5,000 bond. Claycomb is a farm hand 39 years old, and has a wife and six children. Ward induced him to move to Old Banewoft last May under promise of work. Ward was a frequent visitor to his home, but, being a friend and old acquaintance, nothing was thought of it until Claycomb discovered a letter Ward had written to his wife a short time later, in which Ward pleaded with Mrs. Claycomb to run off with him.

Eloping Couple Caught.

Joplin.—An elopement and a chase of more than 500 miles over which the little town of Pleasant Hill, in Cass county, Mo., has been excited for the last thirty days came to an abrupt end here when Mrs. Carrie Troupe, 39 years old, and mother of four children, two of them married, and Andrew Dutton, 45 years old, and the father of five children, were arrested on a warrant sworn to by Mrs. Dutton. Dutton and Mrs. Troupe left Pleasant Hill simultaneously on July 25.

Convict Escaped Manston.

Jefferson City.—A convict named Justin Meyer escaped from the executive manum. He was working with a party of prisoners, twelve in number, under two officers, making repairs on the manum. Under pretext of having to fix the electric light wires, Meyer gained access to a room in which was an old suit of clothes belonging to a convict. This was the last seen of him.

Deputy Marshal Is Appointed.

Springfield.—A. L. Arnold, formerly chief deputy in the sheriff's office, and chairman of the Republican city central committee, has been made United States deputy marshal for the Springfield division of the Western Missouri district. The appointment was made by United States Marshal Durham of Kansas City, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Harry Mead of Joplin.

Grandson to Contest Will.

Rockport.—John C. Stapel of Rockport, brought suit in the circuit court of Atchison county to set aside the will of John R. Sly, deceased. Judge Sly died leaving an estate valued at more than \$300,000. In the will filed his three children are to receive about \$100,000 each, and John C. Stapel, whose mother was Judge Sly's daughter, was to receive \$10,000 as his mother's share.

MISSOURI NEWS

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AT THE MOMENT.



Percy—Aw, are you interested in the "Coming Young Man?"
Kitty (with a yawn)—No; I am more interested in the going young man.

HAD AWFUL WEEPING ECZEMA

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Goresness—All Treatments Failed.

Cuticura Proved a Great Success.

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema reached so that it seemed as though I could tear my face all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Pearsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

A Surprise.

Postmaster—Where's the chauffeur? Arrest him!
Hold on, gentlemen, I'll tell you how it was. I was trying to cross the street and a chauffeur stopped my machine and hounded me to go by—the—luck—was too much!—Late.

Even doctors disagree and when they do it helps to swell the population of one of the other two places.

Louis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin. Full Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

Fame may come to a man suddenly and go just as quickly.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Discomfort from Indigestion, Irritation and Bowel Sticking. A perfect remedy for Indigestion, Nausea, Irritability, Headache, Stomachic Pain, Flatulence, Bloating, and all the ills that come from the Liver.

They regulate the bowels. Purify the blood. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Partine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

—NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

THE TEETH Partine excels any dentifrice in cleaning, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Partine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Partine.

CATARRR Partine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

Partine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, ETC. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PATXON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Stop

taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when the do this they are healthy, producing right results.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.